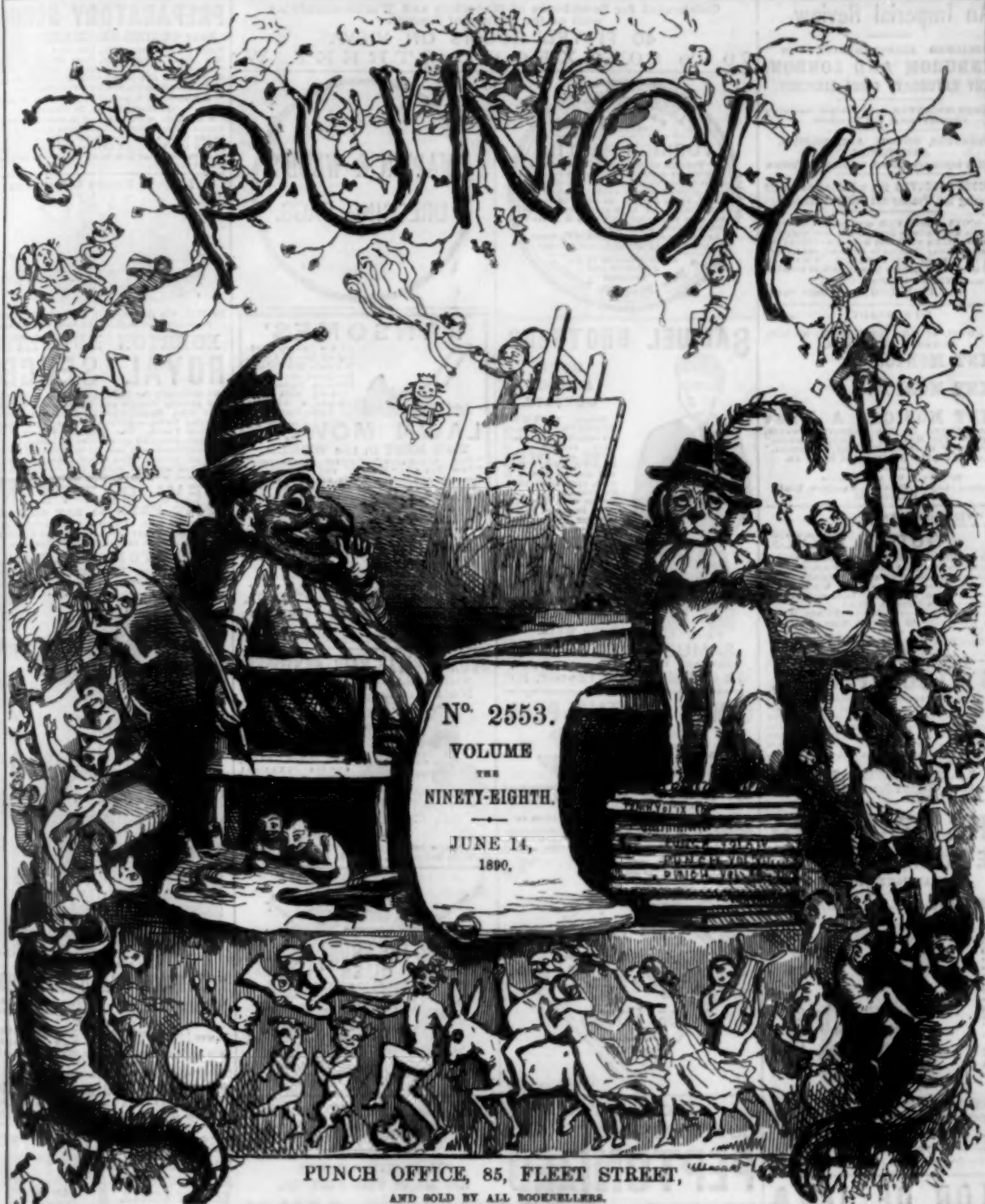


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MAXIMS FOR THE BAR. No. VI.



"Never miss a chance of ingratiating yourself with the Jury, even at the expense of the Judge."
(An opportunity often occurs after Lunch.)

"GOOD OLD GRACE!"

(Doggerel on "The Doctor," by an "Old Duffer.")

"Dr. GRACE, who seemed to forget his lameness, played with great vigour and dash, and his cuts and drives possessed all their old brilliancy."—*The Times*, on the exciting finish in the Cricket Match between the M.C.C. and the Australians, June 3, 1890.

ONE hundred and eleven runs, and eighty-five minutes to make 'em in,
And with TURNER and FERRIS to trundle as fast as they could pitch and break 'em in!
And it looked any odds on MURDOCH's men contriving to make a draw of it;
But Cricket, my lads, is a curious game, and uncertainty seems the sole law of it.
So they sent in GRACE and SHUTTER to start. Well, the Doctor is now called "a veteran,"
But at forty-two when he's on the job 'tisn't easy to pick out a better 'un.
And he "spanked for four," like a lad once more, and he out and he drove like winking;
Though his leg was lame, he forgot that same, and he "played the game" without shrinking.
And Surrey's SHUTTER he did his part, and so did Notts' GUNN, Sir,
Though he might have chucked the game away when the Doctor he managed to out-run, Sir.
It was hard, you see, upon W. G. in that way to lose his wicket,
But all the same he had won the game, and had played superlative Cricket.
Forty-three to make, and forty-five minutes! But GRACE and GUNN were equal to it;
And a win, with a quarter of an hour in hand, was the satisfactory sequel to it.
The Australians played a manly game, without any dawdling or shirking;
And if they didn't avoid defeat why it wasn't for want of hard working.
But the stiff-legged "Doctor" who forced the game in the most judgmatical fashion,
And forgot his leg and his "forty year" odd, full flushed with a Cricketer's passion!
Why he's the chap who deserves a shout. Bravo, bravo "W. G." Sir,
And when you next are on the job, may the "Duffer" be there to see, Sir!

DEVELOPING HAWARDEN.

"The locality is extremely healthy, and Hawarden will probably become a large residential place, and a centre of mining industry."—*Mr. Gladstone's Evidence before the Commissioners for Welsh Intermediate Education.*

Monday.—Wood-cutting. Inconvenient having so many villas built all round park. Inhabitants inspect everything I do. Nasty little boys (whom I can see over their garden wall) shout "Yah!" and wave large primrose wreath. Irritating. Perhaps due to healthiness of air. Retire to another part of the demesne. Heavens! what is that erection? Looks like a Grand Stand, in a private garden, crowded with people. It is! Invited (by owner of garden) specially to view me and (I hear afterwards) my "celebrated wood-cutting performance," at a shilling a-head. Disgusted. Go in.

Tuesday.—Down local coal-mine. Interesting to have one at Park-gates. Explain to colliers principle of the Davy lamp. Colliers seem attentive. Ask me at the end for "a trifle to drink my health with." Don't they know I am opposed to Endowment of Public-houses? Yes, "but they aren't," they reply. Must invite WILFRID LAWSON to Hawarden.

Wednesday.—Curious underground rumblings. Wall of Castle develops huge crack. What is it? A dynamite plot? Can SALISBURY have hired—? HERBERT comes in, and tells me the proprietor of Hawarden Salt Mine has just sent his compliments, with a request that I would "shore up" the Castle. Otherwise "he is afraid it may fall in on his workmen." Impudence! Why can't they dig under Eaton Hall instead?

Thursday.—WATKIN here. Offers to make a Tunnel under Castle, from one mine to the other. Why a Tunnel? Also wants to dig for gold in Park. Ask him if there's any reason to suppose gold exists there? He says you never can tell what you may come to if you bore long enough. "At all events, even if no gold there, the boring useful if at any time I feel inclined for a Tunn—" Go in. WATKIN has bored long enough already.

Friday.—STEPHEN drops in, and says "new Hawarden Cathedral"—really built to accommodate people who come to hear me read Lessons, only STEPHEN thinks it's his sermons that are the attraction—"will soon be finished." I suggest that he should have Welsh "intermediate" services now and then. STEPHEN says "he doesn't know Welsh, and can't see why Welsh people can't drop their horrible tongue at once, and all speak English." Pained. Tell him he needn't conduct service—any Welsh-speaking clergyman would do. STEPHEN replies that if he introduced Welsh service, "villa-residents would boycott the Cathedral altogether." Well, supposing they do? STEPHEN retorts that "I had better have an Irish service at once, and get PARNELL up to read the Lessons." Something in the idea. Must think it over.

Saturday.—My usual holiday. Fifteen speeches. Park literally crammed. Excursionists, colliers, salt-miners, villa-residents, and Chester Liberals, all seem to find locality tremendously healthy. All enjoying themselves thoroughly. Wish I was. Worn-out in evening. Begin to wonder what Park and Castle would fetch, if I were to go and settle in Hebrides to escape mob.

Sunday.—Escorted by two regiments of mounted Volunteers to Church. Volunteers have great difficulty in securing a passage. Have to use butts of their muskets on more impulsive spectators. Curious that just at this point I should Remember Mitchellstown. Must try and get over the habit. Lessons as usual. Find a crushed primrose between the pages, evidently put there on purpose. Those villa-residents again! Surely DREW might inspect the lectern before service commences! Home, and think seriously of Hebrides.

ON THE SPOT.

(By a Practical Sportsman.)

THE spot for me all spots above
In this wide world of casual lodgers,
Is not the nook sacred to love;
The "cot beside a rill" of ROGER'S.
'Tis not the spot which TOMMY MOORE
Praised in "The Meeting of the Waters,"
Avoca's Vale my soul would bore;
I should prefer more lively quarters.
Thy "little spot," ELIZA COOK,
Means merely patriotic flummery;
And COLERIDGE'S "hidden brook"
Won't fetch me, e'en when weather's summery.
I hold the Picturesque is rot,
"Love in a Cot" means scraps for dinner;
I only know one pleasant spot,—
I mean the "spot" that "finds a winner!"

PRIVATE AND SPECIAL LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—MR. GEORGE MEREDITH'S new novel is to be entitled, *Won of the Conquerors*. It would be unfair to the author to mention how what the Conquerors had conquered was won from them in turn. "I am at liberty to inform the public, however," says the BARON DE B.-W., "that WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR is not in it with the others. I am able also to assure his numerous admirers that *Beauchamp's Career* is not a medicinal romance, and has no sort of connection with a certain widely-advertised remedy."

"WILL HE GET THROUGH?"



WILLIAM HENRY *loquiter* :—

Pour! Pouf! I'm that awfully out of breath with my long and terrified scamper,
 With that bull on my track, and this bag on my back, a burden that
 Though Milo was not a pedestrian "pot," nor was it a turnstile that
 No, if I remember my classics aright, 'twas the fork of a pine-tree

But nowadays one had need be a Milo and a fleet Pheidippides in one, Sir.

And with carrying weight I'm in such a state, it isn't much further I can run, Sir.

Oh, drat that bull! Will nobody pull the brute by the tail, and stop him?

Such beasts didn't ought to be let loose; in the *clôture* pound they should pop him,

With a gag on his muzzle. This turnstile's a puzzle, with its three blessed wings, confound it!
 I don't see my way to getting through it, and there's no way of getting round it;
 And I *am* that fat—no, I won't say that; but I'm not, like dear ARTHUR, quite lathy.
 And I'm sure, by the bellow of that bull, that the fellow is getting exceedingly wrathful.
 Pouf! Now for a burst! Which to take the first of the turnstile wings is the floorer.
 If I breast it wrongly, though I'm going strongly, I'll expose my rear to yon roarer.
 Eugh! I fancy I feel his horns, like steel, my person viciously prodding.
 Against such points broadcloth's no protection, although padded with woollen "wadding."
 Oh, hang this bag! I shall lose the swag, if I slacken or lag one second.
 I thought I had measured my distance so well, but I fear that I must have misreckoned.
 That bull of GLADDY'S most certainly mad is, though he gave me his word, the Old Slyboots,
 It was perfectly quiet. I have SALISBURY'S fiat, but I wish he was only in my boots.
 "Tithes first," indeed! Why, with all my speed, and my puffings, and perspiration,
 I doubt if I'll be in time to get through; and as for that "Compensation,"
 It is sure to stick. "Quick, SMITH, man, quick!" Oh, it's all very well to holla;
 With a sack on one's back, and a bull on one's track, 'tisn't easy that counsel to follow.
 My life's hardly worth an hour's "Purchase," if I'm overtaken by Taurus.
 Such brutes didn't ought to be loose in the fields, to bore us, and score us, and gore us.
 "Run! run!" Oh, ain't I running like winking? Reach the turnstile? I may just do it.
 But with its three wings—oh, confound the things!—I much doubt if I'll ever get through it! [Left trying.]

WEEK BY WEEK.

THE attention of statisticians has lately been directed to a question of no little interest. To put it as shortly as possible, the point is to discover the number and size of the mayonnaises of lobster consumed in the course of one evening in the district bounded on the east by Berkeley Square, and extending westward as far as Earl's Court. It is well-known that no lobster ever walked backwards. Taking this as the basis of our calculations and assuming that "—" is equal to the digestive apparatus of six hundred dowagers, we reach the surprising total of 932,146½ lobsters. No allowance is made for dressing or returned empties.

"A Poet" writes to us as follows:—"I have long been puzzled by the difficulty attending the proper construction of rhymed verse in English. Some words possess many rhymes, others only a few, others again none. Yet I find that the temptation to end a line with a non-rhyme—possessing word like 'month' is almost irresistible, and frequently gives rise to the most painful results. In the course of my emotional ballad entitled, 'The Bard's Daughter,' I was compelled on an average to kill half-a-dozen German bands every day, and to throw ten jam-pots at my butler for unseasonable interruptions. Can any of your readers help me?"

A flight of ducks was observed to settle on the Serpentine yesterday at four o'clock exactly. They had been moving in a westerly direction. The Park-keepers explain this curious incident by the well-known affection of these birds for water, combined with an occasional impulse to aerial navigation, but the explanation appears to us inadequate.

In Vienna the other day, a Cabman was observed to claim more than his fare from an elderly lady, whom he afterwards abused violently in the choicest Austrian for refusing to comply with his demands. After all, the nature of Cabmen all over the world varies very little. Elderly Ladies too, are much the same.

Mr. STANLEY continues to attend dances, dinners and receptions at the usual hours. He has lately expressed himself in strong terms with regard to the action of a friendly Power on the continent of Africa. Mr. STANLEY appears to think very lightly of the Foreign Office pigeon-holes, in which his treaties have been stored in the meantime.



A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

Sympathetic Spinster. "AND IS YOUR OTHER BOY AT ALL LIKE THIS ONE?"

Proud Mother. "OH, NO; QUITE A CONTRAST TO HIM!"

Sympathetic Spinster. "HOW NICE!"

IN THE KNOW.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Prophet.)

HA! ha! I knew it, I knew it! All the grog-blossomed addle-pates in the world couldn't have induced me to back *Surefoot*. There they were cackling in their usual higger-mugger Bedlamite, gin-palace, gruel-brained fashion, with Mr. J. at the head of them blowing a *fan-fare* upon his own cracked penny trumpet. But I had my eye on them all the time. For as the public must have discovered long before this, if there is one person in the world who sets their interests above everything, and swerves neither to the right nor to the left in the effort to save them from the depredations of the pilfering gang of pig-jobbers and moon-calves who chatter on sporting matters, that person, I say it without offence, is *me*.

What was it I said last week about *Sainfoin*? "*Sainfoin*," I said, "is not generally supposed to cover grass, but there are generally exceptions." A baby in arms could have understood this. It meant, of course, that *Sainfoin* never lets the grass grow under his feet, and that on the exceptional occasion of the Derby Day, he would win the race. And he did win the race. We all know that; all, that is, except Mr. J.'s lot, who still seem to think that they know something about racing. But I have made my pile, and so have my readers, and we can afford to snap our fingers at every pudding-headed barnacle-grubber in the world. So much for the Derby.

As for the Oaks, it would be impossible to conceive anything more scientifically, nay geometrically, accurate than my forecast. "*Memoir*," I said, "might do *pour servir*." Well, didn't she? And if anybody omitted to back her, all I can say is, serve them right for a pack of goose-brained Bedlamites. For myself, I can only say that, having made a colossal fortune by my speculations, I propose shortly to retire from the Turf I have so long adorned.

A BIASED AUTHOR.—One whose MS. is written "on one side only."

ASK A WHITE MAN!

(Highly Humorous Song. Sung with Immense Success by King M'Tesa, of Uganda.)

"King M'TESA inquired of Mr. STANLEY what an 'Angel' was. He (Mr. STANLEY) had not seen an angel, but imagination was strong, and M'TESA was so interested in what he was told, that he slapped his thigh and said, 'There! if you want to hear news, or wish to hear words of wisdom, always ask a white man.'—Mr. Stanley at the Mansion House."



"If you want to know, you know, ask a White Man."

AIR—"Ask a Polhemian!"

THE White Men are a noble band
(Though Tippoos swear they're not),
Their valour is tremendous, and
They know an awful lot,
If anything you'd learn, and meet
A White Man on the way,
Ask him. You'll find him a
En-cy-clo-pæ-di-a. [complete]

Chorus.

If you want to know, you know,
Ask a White Man!
Near Nyanza or Congo,
Ask a White Man!
In Uganda I am King,
Yet I don't know everything.
If you want to know, you know,
Ask a White Man!

If you would learn how best to
fight [queer],
Your way through regions
Thread forest mazes dark as night,
And deserts dim and drear!
If you your rival's roads would
shut,
And get his in your grip;
You go to him, he's artful, but
He'll give you the straight tip.

Chorus.

If you'd know your way about,
Ask a White Man!
He knows every in and out
Does a White Man!
He will tell you like a shot
If the roads are good or not;
He can open up the lot,
Ask a White Man!

And if about the Angels you
Feel cu-ri-os-i-ty,
For information prompt and true,
To a White Man apply.
He knows 'em, and, indeed, 'tis
said
Himself is almost such.
His "words of wisdom" on this
head
Will interest you much.

Chorus.

If you want to shoot and drink,
Ask a White Man!
He can help you there, I think.
Ask a White Man!
If you'll learn to grab and fight,
And be mutually polite,
And observe the laws of Right,
Ask a White Man!

MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

THEATRICAL CRITICISM.

"Mr. Rantler's Macbeth is too well known to all play-goers to need any special notice at our hands. Those who have not yet seen it should avail themselves of the present opportunity;" i.e., "Can't pitch into old RANTLER, good chap and personal friend."

DIAGNOSTIC.

"I should say in your case, that the Digestion was a little upset;" i.e., "As gross a case of over-eating as I have ever come across in the whole of my professional experience. You must have been feeding, literally, like a hog, for years!"

SOCIAL.

"What I so like about dear Sibyl is her charming simplicity;" i.e., "The silliest little chit conceivable."

"His conversation is always so very improving;" i.e., "A pedantic prig, who bores you with Darwinism in the dance, and 'earnestness' at a tennis-party."

TOPPING THE TRIPOS;

Or, Something like a Score for the Sex.

[In the Cambridge Mathematical Tripos Miss P. G. FAWCETT, of Newnham, daughter of the late Professor FAWCETT, is declared to be "above the Senior Wrangler."]

ABOVE the Senior Wrangler!

Phaugh!
Where now are male reac-
tionaries
Who flout the feminine, and pooch-
pooch
Sweet Mathematic Messes and
MARIES?
Who says a girl is only fit
To be a dainty, dancing dangler?
Here's a girlhood's prompt reply
to it:
Miss FAWCETT tops the Senior
Wrangler!

Would it not have rejoiced the
heart

Of her stout sire, the brave
Professor?

AGNETA RAMSAY made good start,
But here's a shining she-sus-
cessor!

Many a male who failed to pass
Will hear it with flushed face
and jaw set.

But Mr. Punch brims high his
glass.

And drinks your health, Miss
P. G. FAWCETT!

TAKEN FROM THE FRENCH PLAYS.

SCENE—Her Majesty's Theatre. Enter Mr. and Mrs. BROWN.

Brown (to Boxkeeper, with the air of a Sovereign conferring an Order upon a faithful subject). There's sixpence for a programme.

Boxkeeper. Very sorry, Sir, but it isn't a programme; it's a Book of the Argument, and we have to pay that for it ourselves!

Brown (resenting the information). Oh, bother! Then I'll do without it.

Mrs. Brown (annoyed). Why didn't you get a book? You know we'll never understand it without one.

Brown. Nonsense, my dear! It's a distinct advantage to trust to one's own resources.

[Curtain goes up, and discovers a number of male characters, who come on and go off severally.]

Mrs. Brown. What are they talking about?

Brown. Oh, all sorts of things. (Enter Mlle. DARLAUD, as Lydie Vaillant.) Ah! you see this is the heroine.

Mrs. Brown. Is it? (Examining her through opera-glass.) Very simple frock. I think I shall have one like it.

Brown (dreading a dress-maker invasion). Oh, it wouldn't suit you at all. You always look better in silks and satins.

[Entr'acte over. Second Act, Madame PASCA appears, and is admirable.]

Mrs. Brown (deeply interested). CHARLEY, dear, she's wearing Russian net, and you know you can get it at—

Brown (hurriedly). Hush, you are disturbing everybody.

Mrs. Brown (at end of Second Act). What was it all about?

Brown. Oh, didn't you see. It was a castle, and a number of tourists were shown round the pictures by an old servant. Excellent!

Mrs. Brown. I do so wish you would get a book.

Brown. Oh, we can do without it now—the piece is nearly over.

[Third Act is played, and Curtain falls.]

Mrs. Brown. Well, what was that about?

Brown. Oh, didn't you see they had breakfast—and with tea too, not with wine. Very strange how English customs are spreading.

[Tableau I. of Act III. is played. Considerable applause.]

Mrs. Brown. I don't quite understand that.

Brown. You don't! Why, it's as simple as possible. Paul Astier arrived late, and dressed for dinner. Excellent!

Mrs. Brown. But what's the plot?

Brown. Oh, that's of secondary importance—the piece is a clever skit upon modern manners! (Tableau II. is played. Capital! Wasn't MADAME PASCA good when she wanted a glass of water?)

Mrs. Brown. Quite too perfect! And her velvet and satin gown was absolutely lovely! (With determination.) I shall get one like it!

Brown (alarmed). I am not so sure! You look better in muslins.

[Last Act is played, and Paul Astier is shot dead.]

Mrs. Brown (much affected). Oh! what did they do that for?

Brown. Don't you see—the reward of life. Hence the title. (Subsequently in the cab.) Wasn't it good? Didn't you enjoy yourself?

Mrs. Brown. Very much indeed, but I do wish you had got a book! (To herself.) Let me see—green velvet over white satin.

(Aloud.) It will take about eighteen yards!

Brown (waking up). Eighteen yards of what?

Mrs. Brown. Oh, nothing! I was only thinking.

[Scene closes in upon a mental vision of the dress-maker from opposite points of view.]

"ALLOWED TO STARVE"—To save time, contributions to the Balalaeva Fund should be forwarded direct to the Editor of *The St. James's Gazette*.

THE OPERA-GOER'S DIARY.

Monday.—*Don Giovanni*. RAVELLI the Reliable an excellent *Don Ottavio*, vocally; considered dramatically, he does as much as can be expected of a man of his inches. *Zerlina* and *Masetto* so pleased with his singing that they stop on the stage all through the *tassero* song, for which he takes a hearty *encore*, whereupon *Zerlina* and *Masetto* run off quickly. Having had enough of it, however, they do not return for the *encore*. Rather rude this. DAN DRAHY too



Poor little Zélie (beseechingly). O Mr. Randegger, do let me have my bouquets! sinister for gay *Don Giovanni*; and there is a villainous determination about his gallantry which would have frightened away the coquettish *Zerlina*, and have warned the more mature ladies of the world, *Donna Anna* and *Donna Elvira*, in time to prevent them from falling victims to his wiles. Otherwise a highly satisfactory *Don*. Signor PLUNKETTO GREENO as the unfortunate *Commendatore*, who is first killed, and then executed in stone, as a statue to his own memory, was heard and seen to the best advantage. ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN, too *Carmeniah* as flighty little *Zerlina*, but evidently a match for the sardonic *Don DAN DRAHY*. Madame TAVARY has done well to quit the Hofoperhaus, Munich, and come to Covengardenhaus as *Donna Anna*,—a trying part that not *Anna*-body can play and sing as well as Madame TAVARY. This lady and LILLIAN NORDICA (pretty name LILLIAN) as *Donna Elvira* render the characters so charmingly, that they cease to be the funeral bores I have generally considered them. *Ottavio*, *Anna*, and *Elvira*, the trio with a grievance, are, usually, about as cheerful as the three Anabaptists in *Le Prophète*. *Mais on a changé tout cela*. PALLADINO, as the dancing guest—she is always small and early in every Opera now—delights everyone, and so does Conductor RANDEGGER, who is determined that poor little ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN shall not receive the big bouquets which a mysterious man has brought to the orchestra; then one of the instrumentalists handed them to the leader, who, in order to take them, has been compelled to put down his violin, and, after looking about in a helpless and puzzled manner, holds them until further orders from his chief. Not receiving further orders, he occupies his time by sniffing at the flowers and making remarks *sotto voce* to his companion violinist on the botanical beauties of the *flora*. Conductor RANDEGGER, apparently unaware of what has been taking place behind his back, turns round abruptly to inquire why leader is taking a few bars' rest. Leading violinist exhibits bouquet, and appeals in dumb show to conductor. The conductor's eye in fine frenzy rolling, says as clearly as fine frenzied rolling eyes can say anything, "Remove that bauble!"—(RANDEGGER would make up remarkably well as *Cromwell*)—and the leader, with a sympathetic and apologetic glance at ZÉLIE as implying, "You should have had 'em if I could have managed it, but you see how I'm situated." RANDEGGER's a hard man—puts the bouquets on the floor of the orchestra, and, dismissing them by a supreme effort from his thoughts, betakes himself to his musical Paganini duties. What becomes of the flowers that bloom in the orchestra, *tra la!* I don't know. I wish that ZÉLIE may get them. Remembering the example set by "Practical JOHN" at the Gaiety, of placarding up everywhere in the theatre "No Fees" DRUMHOLANUS, at the suggestion of Conductor RANDEGGER, might "hang out a banner on the outer wall" of the orchestra, with the letters inscribed on it "N.B.—No Bouquets."

Tuesday.—The grandest night of the Season up to now, dear boys. *Romeo* JEAN DE RESEKÉ, and MELBA *Juliette*. What can you wish for more? EDOUARD DE RESEKÉ as the *Frère Laurent* a magnificent Friar, belonging to some one of the theatrical "Orders" "not admitted after seven." The talented Mlle. BAUKMEISTERSINGER *Gertrude* hardly a companion picture to her *Martha* in *Faust*. Signor PLUNKETTO GREENO not quite every inch a Duke: about one inch

in three Duke and the rest Democrat. When he has been *Duke of Verona* long enough, he'll be all right, and most likely

He'll be, this Mister PLUNKET GREENO,
The Dukiest Duke that ever was seen.

A word to the wise. Whenever this Season *Romeo* and *Juliette* is played with this cast, go and see it. Don't hesitate. It's memorable. A feast for ear and eye. *Be ad astra-operatica*. And at the same time, don't forget to honourably mention the founder of the feast, AUGUSTUS DRUMHOLANUS.

Wednesday.—Extra. *Carmen*. Derby Day. I have been at the Derby. Glad to get back again. As to "back again," I don't "back again" anything for a long time. But, *à nos montons*. *Toreador* evidently has had his money on *Sainfoin*. Never sang better. Glad to see the simple Scotch lassie, MAGGIE MCINTYRE, once more as the village maiden. Charming. ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN as wickedly attractive as ever. What a collection such a gipsy would make on a Derby Day—a fine Derby Day—among the "pretty gentlemen" whose fortunes she would tell. Extra night this, and extra good.

Thursday.—A WAGNER Night. Crowded to see JEAN DE RESEKÉ as another Wagner Knight. NEDDIE DE RESEKÉ as the *King Henry*—every inch a King, and something to spare. Freddy TELRAMONDO suits DAN DRAHY better than *Don Giovanni*. Madame FURBER-MAD as the wicked *Ortruda*,—"Never saw ought ruder than her conduct to *Elsa*," observes the irrepressible Mr. WAGSTAFF.—And MAGGIE MCINTYRE as the virtuous but unhappy *Elsa*. The stranger in the land of WAGNER begins to wonder at the continuous flow of the melody, not one tiny cupful of which can he take away with him, until with joy he hears the Bridal Chorus at the commencement of the Third Act, and for a few moments he rests *dans un pays de connaissance*.

Friday.—Lucia di Lammermoor. Great night for Madame MELBA. Recalled three times before Curtain after each Act. Living illustration of once popular romance, "Called Back." Great night, too, for Harpist and Flutist. Both gentlemen highly applauded, and would have been recalled, but for the fact of their not having quitted the orchestra. Harper plays solo from *Harper's Miscellany*, arranged by DOWIZETTI. RAVELLI the Reliable recalled also.

Saturday.—Brilliant house. Royal Highnesses early to come and last to go. Magnificent performance of *Die Meistersinger*. M. LEWARDON very comic as *Beckmesser*. LASSALLE a noble *Hans Sachs* ("the shoemaker who sings a solo-o," says Mr. WAGSTAFF), JEAN DE RESEKÉ a grand young *Walther*, MONTARIOL (as before) a capital silly idiot *David*, Mlle. BAUKMEISTERSINGER very lively as *Magdalena*, and Madame TAVARY a skittish young chit in the somewhat trying and rather thankless part of *Eva*. The tenor's song to her ought to be, "Eva, of thee I'm fondly dreaming," if WAGNER had only thought of it. Opera too long; but Wagnerites don't complain, and certainly to-night they get their money's worth and something over, from 7'30 till past midnight.

A SWEET THING IN CRITICISM.

CARDINAL MANNING, apparently having been invited by its author to express an opinion upon Mr. WM. O'BRIEN'S "*When we were Boys*," writes:—"When I got to the end, I forgot the book, and would only think of Ireland—its manifest sufferings, and its inextinguishable sorrows." His Eminence then continues:—"I hope to see the day break, and I hope you will see the noontide, when the people of Ireland will be readmitted, so far as is possible, to the possession of their own soil, and shall be admitted, so far as is possible, to the making and administration of their own local laws, while they shall still share in the legislation which governs and consolidates the Empire. Then *Ken* and *Mabel* shall be no more parted."

No doubt this excellent critique will be followed by the publication of letters somewhat similar to the following:—

DEAR MR. APPLES,—I promised to write to you after I had used your Soap. When I had finished washing my hands, I forgot everything but gallant little Wales. I hope to see the morning, and trust you will see the evening, of that time when the bold sun of freedom will shine over a land true to itself, as far as possible, and rejoicing in the name of the country without stain. Then will we all say, "Good afternoon," followed by the customary inquiry. Believe me,

Always yours very faithfully, W. E. GL-DST-NK.

Should this mode of criticism be extended, the benefit to those who have to review without knowing what to say will be obvious.

A New Reading of an Old Epitaph.

"A remarkable coincidence has attended the drawings of two of the principal Club Derby Sweepstakes. As we stated yesterday, the Garrick Club Sweepstakes, of the value of £300, has fallen to Mr. HARRY IAVING. We now learn that Mr. TOOLS benefits to the extent of £75 out of the Sweepstakes of the Devonshire Club."—*Daily News*.

LOVELY in Life, they were Both There when the Sweepstakes were Divided.



A SEVERE SENTENCE.

She. "YEE, DEAR, I'M AFRAID COOK WANTS JUDGMENT."

He. "JUDGMENT! SHE WANTS EXECUTION!"

"THREE FISHERS."

THREE fishers went fishing North-east and North-west
(Like the trio from Kingsley familiarly known).
Each thought himself, doubtless, the bravest and best,
And held the good "swims" should be mainly his own.
There was JOHNNY the Briton, and FRANÇOIS the Frank,
And JONATHAN also, the artful young Yank,
An expert at "bouncing" and "boning."

And FRANÇOIS the Frank, who went fishing for eel,
Nicked lobsters as well, and he stuck to them too;
He declared they were all the same thing, which seemed odd,
The result being anger and hullabaloo,
And rows about Bounties, and shines about Bait;
For ructions all round are as certain as fate,
When parties go "bouncing" and "boning."

And JONATHAN, well, he went fishing for seals,
And he wanted the fishing grounds all to himself.
When the Russ had done ditto, the Yank had raised squeals
(How consistency's floored in the struggle for pelf!)
And JONATHAN took a most high-handed course;
For greediness mostly falls back on brute force,
When parties go "bouncing" and "boning."

And JOHNNY the Briton, a sturdy old salt,
Had been a sea-grabber himself in his time;
Some held that monopoly still was his fault,
Others swore that his modesty verged upon crime.
Nor is it quite easy to say which was true,
For so much depends on a man's point of view,
When parties go "bouncing" and "boning."

But when JOHNNY the Briton caught sight of the Frank
Making tracks with a lobster—the whoppingest one—
And when he perceived the impertinent Yank
With the seal—such a spanker!—skedaddling like fun,
He stood and he shouted, "Stop thief! Hi! Hold hard!"
For language does not always "go by the card,"
When parties go "bouncing" and "boning."

"Now then, you sea-grabbers," he bellowed, "Belay!
I suppose you imagine I'm out of it quite.
But you're not going to have it just all your own way,
Fair dues! my dear boys. After all, right is right!
Big Behring is no *mare clausum*, young Yank,
And cold Newfoundland is not *yours*, my fine Frank,
In spite of your 'bouncing' and 'boning.'"

Well, he of the Lobster and he of the Seal
Have rights of their own, which old JOHN won't deny.
But he has some too, and *Punch* hopes they will feel
That they should not grab his, and had better not try.
Some *modus vivendi* no doubt can be found,
To make the Three Fishers quite friendly all round,
And good-bye to all "bouncing" and "boning!"

ELCHO ANSWERS.

- Q. What loves "The Country" more than Tithes Bills tracing?
A. Racing!
Q. And what than "Compensation's" doubtful courses?
A. 'Orses!
Q. Than Bills of Irish Tenants poor to favour rights?
A. Favourites!
Q. What does it find as profitless as St. Stephens?
A. "Evens!"
Q. What more exciting than "The Pouncer's" nods?
A. "Odds!"
Q. What does it love far more than LADBY's jokes?
A. "Oaks!"
Q. And what beyond all ELCHO's quirks and quips?
A. "Tips!"
Q. What would it call him who of "Sport" turns squelcher?
A. "Welsher!!!"
Q. Who finds the "Derby" closing satisfactory?
A. Hack Tory!
Q. What's the protesting Puritan Gladstonian?
A. "Stony 'un!"

GERMAN MOTTO IN AFRICA.—"For Farther Land!"

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—JUNE 14, 1890.



"THREE FISHERS."

JOHN BULL. "HULLO! YOU SEA-GRABBERS!—WHERE DO I COME IN?"

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MODERN TYPES.

(By Mr. Punch's Own Type-Writer.)

No. XIII.—THE PRECOCIOUS UNDERGRADUATE.

EVER since undergraduates existed at all, there must have been some who, in the precocity of their hearts, set themselves up or were set up by the admiration of their fellows as patterns of life, and knowledge, and manners. But before steam and electricity made Oxford and Cambridge into suburbs of London, these little deities were scarcely heard of outside the limits of their particular University, the sphere of their influence was restricted, and they were unable to impress the crowd of their juvenile worshippers by the glamour which comes of frequent plunges into the dizzy whirlpool of London life. Now, however, all that is changed. Our seats of learning are within a stone's throw of town, and the callow nestlings who yesterday fluttered feebly over King's Parade or the High, may to-day attempt a bolder flight in Piccadilly and the Park. The simpler pleasures of Courts and Quads soon pall upon one who believes emphatically, that life has no further secrets when the age of twenty has been reached, and that an ingenuous modesty is incompatible with the exercise of manliness. He despises the poor fools who are content to be merely young while youth remains. He himself, has sought for and found in London a fountain of age, from which he may quaff deep draughts, and returning, impart his experience to his envious friends.

The Precocious Undergraduate, then, was (and is, for the type remains, though the individual may perish) one who attempted in his own opinion with perfect success, to combine an unerring knowledge of men with a smooth cheek and a brow as unwrinkled as late hours could leave it. In the sandy soil of immaturity he was fain to plant a flourishing reputation for cunning, and to water it with the tears of those who being responsible for his appearance in the world dreaded his premature affectation of its wisdom and its follies.

They had given him, however, as befitted careful parents, every chance of acquiring an excellent education. In order that he might afterwards shine at the Bar or in the Senate, he was sent to one of our larger public schools, where he soon found that with a very small life-belt of Latin and Greek a boy may keep his head afloat above the ripple of a master's anger. But his school career was not without honour. He was a boy of a frank and generous temperament, candid with his masters, and warm-hearted and sincere in his intercourse with his school-fellows. He was by no means slow with his wits, he was very quick with his eye and his limbs. Thus it came about that, although his scholarship was not calculated to make of him a Porson, he earned the admiration and applause of boys and masters by his triumphs as an athlete, a cricketer, and a foot-ball player, and was established as a universal favourite. At the usual age he left school and betook himself to college, freighted for this new voyage with the affection and the hopes of all who knew him.

And now when everything smiled, and when in the glow of his first independence life assumed its brightest hues, in the midst of apparent success his real failures began. The sudden emancipation from the easy servitude of school was too much for him. The rush of his new existence swept him off his feet, and, yielding to the current, he was carried day by day more rapidly out to the sea of debt and dissipation, which in the end overwhelmed him. For a time, however, everything went well with him. His school and his reputation as a popular athlete assured to him a number of friends, he was elected a member of one or two prominent Clubs, he got into a good set. In their society he learnt that an undergraduate's tastes and his expenditure ought never to be limited by the amount of the yearly allowance he receives from his father. Whilst still in his freshman's Term, he was invited to a little card-party, at which he lost not only his head, but also all his ready money, and the greater part of the amount which had been placed to his credit at his Bank for the expenses of his first Term. This incident was naturally much discussed by the society in which he moved, and it was agreed that, for a freshman, he had shown considerable coolness in bearing up against his losses. Even amongst those who did not know him, his name began to be mentioned as that of one who was evidently destined to make a splash, and might some day be heard of in the larger world. His vanity was tickled. This, he thought to himself, not without pleasure, was indeed life, and thinking thus, he condemned all his past years, and the aspirations with which he had entered his University, as the folly of a

boy. Soon afterwards he was found at a race-meeting, and was unfortunate enough to win a large sum of money from a book-maker who paid him.

The next incident in his first Term was his attendance as a guest at a big dinner, where the unwonted excitement and a bumper or two of University champagne upset his balance. He grew boisterous, and on his way home to his rooms addressed disrespectfully the Dean of his College, who happened to be taking the air on the College grass-plot. He woke, the next morning, to find himself parched and pale, but famous. "Did you hear what So-and-So, the freshman, said to the Dean last night? Frightful cheek!"—so one undergraduate would speak of him to another, with a touch of envy which was not diminished by the fact that his hero had been gated at nine for a week.

But it is useless to pursue his career through every detail. He went on gambling, and soon found himself the debtor or the creditor of those whom he still attempted to look upon as his friends. He bought several thousand large cigars at £10 per hundred from a touting tobacconist, who promised him unlimited credit, and charged him a high rate of per-centage on the debt. He became constant in his visits to London, and, after a course of dinners at the Bristol, the Berkeley, and the Café Royal, he acquired, at Cambridge, the reputation of a connoisseur in cooking and in wine. The Gaiety was his abiding-place, the lounge at the Empire would have been incomplete without him: for him *Lais* added a rosy glow to her complexion and a golden shimmer to her hair; he supped in her company, and, when he gave her a diamond swallow, purchased without immediate payment in Bond Street, the paragraphist of a sporting paper recorded the gift in his columns with many cynical comments. In short, he now knew himself to be indeed a man of the world. Henceforward he seemed to spend almost as much time in London as in Cambridge. It is unnecessary to add that his legitimate resources soon ran dry; he supplied their deficiency from the generous fountain of a money-lender's benevolence. After all, eight per cent. per month sounds quite cheap until it is multiplied by twelve, and, as he always disliked arithmetic, he abstained from the calculation, and pocketed the loan. And thus, for a time, the wheel of excitement was kept spinning merrily. But the pace was too fast to last for long. Somehow or other, soon after the beginning of his third year, his happy gaiety which had carried him cheerfully through many scenes of revelry seemed to desert him. He became subject to fits of morose abstraction. His dress was no longer of the same shining merit, nor did he seem to care, as formerly, to keep his cuffs and collars unspotted from the world. Disagreeable rumours began to be whispered about him. He was said to have failed to pay his card-debts, and yet to

have gone on gambling night after night; and at last came the terrible report—all the more terrible for not being fully understood by those who heard it—that he had been posted at Tattersall's.

Undergraduate Society is, however, of an extraordinary tolerance, and if it had not been for his own manifest misery, he might have kept his head up in Cambridge even under these calamities. But he began too late to realise his own folly, and with the memory of his triumphs and his collapse, of his extravagance and his debts clogging his efforts, he tried to read. He did read, feverishly, uselessly, and when his list appeared his name was absent from it. Then followed the fatal interview with his father, and the inevitable crash, in the course of which he became the defendant in a celebrated case on the subject of an infant's necessities. An occupation was sought for him, but all capacity for honest effort seemed to have perished with his frankness and his cheerfulness. After creeping about London in a hang-dog fashion for a year or two, he eventually decided to tempt misfortune in the Western States of America. For a time he "ranched" without success, and was heard of as a frequenter of saloons. A year later he died ignobly by the revolver of a Western rowdy, in the course of a drunken brawl.

MUSICAL FORECASTS.—Mr. PADDY REWSKI will play variations on his own national Melodies, including the *Gigue Irlandaise*, entitled, "*Dennybrook Fair*."—Mr. CHARLES REDDIE's Pianoforte Recital is fixed for the 17th. It is not placarded about the town, as the clever pianist says, he's perfectly REDDIE, but he's not WILLING.—Mr. JOSEF DASH-MY-LUD-WIG is going to give a Second Chamber Concert on behalf of the Funds of the Second Chambermaid Theatrical Aid Society.—Mr. CUSHIE's Concert is on the 12th. Uncles and Aunts please accept this intimation.



A HARMLESS GHOST.

[A Gentleman advertises for an old house, and says, "Harmless Ghost not objected to."]

A Spectre speaks:—

TELL us, good Sir, what is a Harmless Ghost?
One who walks quietly at dead of night,
For just a single hour or so at most,
And never gives folks what is termed a fright?
Is it a Ghost that never clanks his chains,
That never gibbers, and that bangs no door:
But quietly and peacefully remains
In calm possession of some upper floor?

A Harmless Ghost is not a Ghost at all,
Unworthy of the name; no Headless Man,
Or other spectre that could men appal,
Would condescend to live 'neath such a ban.
No phantom with a grain of self-respect
Would make a promise never to do harm.
Find your old house, but please to recollect,
A Ghost who knows his business must alarm.

MORE MASQUERADING.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

WITH reference to the several cases of "Masquerading" that have recently been mentioned in the columns of a contemporary, I wish to add a remarkable experience of our own firm, that, if it does not completely clear the matter up, may at least serve to throw a little light upon the subject. Last Friday afternoon a middle-aged man of unmistakable City build dashed wildly into our establishment, and desired to be supplied with "the largest pantomime head" with which we could furnish him. This we fortunately had in stock in the shape of a large green and phosphorescent faced representation of the "Demon of Despair," which was rendered additionally attractive through being supplied with a "trick eye," which worked with a string.

It was evidently of the greatest importance to him that the head should be natural and becoming, and by the close and satisfied scrutiny he gave it, and the great care with which he fitted it on, the one with which we supplied him evidently fully answered his requirements. His manner was certainly strange, for though he refused to give his address, he took several flying leaps across the shop, turning a double back somersault as he cleared the counter, and finally asked me whether I thought him sufficiently disguised to avoid recognition in his own immediate circle?

I told him candidly that I thought his large head, being peculiar, might possibly draw upon him notice that otherwise he would fail to arouse, and I added, "You see, it is not as if there were a dozen of you."

"True," he replied; "you're quite right. There ought to be a dozen of us. Look out the heads. I will go and fetch 'em." And he dashed out of my establishment, followed by a small crowd. In about two hours and a half, however, he returned, accompanied by twelve other middle-aged City men, and in almost as short a time as it takes me to tell it, I had fitted them all with large pantomime heads.

He paid the bill and left the shop. I watched them all get on to a King's Cross and Brompton Omnibus, and that was the last I saw of them. There is nothing very remarkable in the occurrence, as we are in the habit of making up disguises, sometimes as many as 500 in an afternoon on the shortest notice. Still I could not help wondering upon what business my eccentric friend was bent. A Divorce Case? Possibly a Murder? Who knows? Perhaps somebody may have met the bevy down West, and can throw some light upon the subject. Meantime, dear Mr. Punch, I beg to subscribe myself,

Yours respectfully,

A SLY FOX BUT A CAUTIOUS COSTUMIER.

"SHORT NOTICE."—Those who did not hear Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH's entertainment at St. James's Hall last Saturday week lost a very great treat. There must have been thousands in London at the moment who suffered this deprivation. Our Special Noticer was among the number. Let us hope GEE-GEE will do it again, and all shall be forgiven.



TOMMY'S "ARRIET" DEPARTMENT.

A Group omitted from the Military Exhibition.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 2.—Heligoland is safe, but there were some anxious moments. GEORGE CAMPBELL led attack. House reassembled after Whitsun recess. Not many present. OLD MORALITY still sporting in the country, toying with Amaryllis in the shade, or with tangles of Neaera's hair. (That's how the Member for Sark puts it, but admits that it's only poetry.) Mr. G. away too, also GRANDOLPH and HARTINGTON. JOKIM in charge of Government ship; evidently in mildest mood; didn't once pounce, though sorely tempted by all-pervadingness of CAMPBELL. That eminent Statesman only began with Heligoland; steamed later into the Pacific Seas, and moved reduction of salary of Deputy Commissioner of the Western Pacific. Wants Heligoland given up.

"Certainly not," said NICHOLAS WOOD; "must take firm stand with these Separatists. Not quite sure in what part of Ireland Heligoland is situated. Sounds like Munster; must look it up on map. Meanwhile shall support BALFOUR."

Whilst NICHOLAS off in library, vainly looking over map of Ireland, SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE backs up CAMPBELL. Knows Heligoland intimately. Seems to have passed best period of useful life there. Members quite prepared to hear that there it was the famous letter from Foreign Office found him when, by way of reproof of niggardliness of Department, he was obeying instructions that transferred him from Dresden to Constantinople by journeying on foot. Taking Heligoland en route, he found it a mere sandbank, an accumulation of molecules, whose existence was justified only by the opportunity of furnishing a scion of the British aristocracy with an annual salary as Governor. "Hand it over to Germany, in exchange, if you please, for few pounds of sausages; but get rid of it."

NICHOLAS, coming back after vain search for Heligoland on map of Ireland, lustily shouts, "No!" "No use arguing with these fellows, TOBY," he says; "we must Put Them Down. Case seems a little mixed; don't quite follow argument. Rather wonder ARTHUR BALFOUR isn't in his place to explain it; at same time, haven't slightest doubt it's another Mitchelstown affair—another Middle Tipperary muddle. I shall watch to see which Lobby our Whips are filling, and march straight into it."

Thus Heligoland was saved, NICHOLAS and 149 others voting against CAMPBELL, who led into the Lobby only 27 patriots. After this, that man of war, JAMES STUART ALLANSON TUDOR PICTON, came to the front, and led Opposition in matter relating to Sierra Leone. GEORGE CAMPBELL made several speeches on this topic, and when Amendment negatived, came up quite fresh with his story of the Pacific Seas, where it seems there have been excursions, followed by

alarums, all converging on urgent necessity of reducing the salary of the Deputy Commissioner of the Western Pacific by £200. This also negatived after couple of hours' discussion. Then GEORGE, stepping lightly from Western Pacific to the Cape, moved to reduce salary of High Commissioner of South Africa by £1000.

"A regular peripatetic seven-leagued-boot mowing-machine," said JACKSON, gazing dreamily on mobile features of Member for Kircaldy. *Business done.*—In Committee of Supply.

Tuesday.—Question is, shall House adjourn over to-morrow, being Derby Day, or shall it forbear? ELCHO says, "Yes." WILFRID LAWSON says, "No." House, upon consideration, agrees with ELCHO, though by significantly small majority. For holiday, 160; against, 133. COGHILL, who had vainly protested against adjournment, says majority not so wide as a church door, but 'twill serve. It's the writing on the wall, and the Derby holiday in the Commons doomed. COGHILL serious young man; likes things to be doomed; encouraged by the prospect, becomes dangerously festive.



A Serious Young Man.

Member who moves Adjournment over Derby Day expected to be funny. PAM, who, when he was Minister, always did it, established fashion. Been followed in later days by DICK POWER, and other eminent sportsmen. ELCHO displayed paternal failing for undue length, but just managed to stop in time, not spoiling success of speech that greatly pleased House. Curious to note points of personal resemblance between the new Lord ELCHO and the old. Son, doubtless designedly, delivered his speech from corner-seat on front Bench below Gangway, whence, in days of yore, the father used to hold forth, almost literally buttonholing House of Commons; holding on to it in much same way as *Ancient Mariner* delayed the hungry wedding guest.

"Happy," says the Member for Sark, "is the Legislature that can spare an ELCHO for either Chamber! Favoured the generation that succeeds to such an inheritance! With WEMYSS in the Lords, and ELCHO in the Commons, there is still hope for my country!"

Talk about Police Regulation for Procession on Saturday to demonstrate against Compensation Bill. Citizen PICKERSGILL moved adjournment of House in order to discuss matter. CUNNINGHAM-GRAHAM seized opportunity to run amuck at his revered Leaders on Front Opposition Bench. Accused them of sitting there like stuffed figures at Madame Tussaud's. "Why stuffed?" JOHN MORLEY asked, but CUNNINGHAM-GRAHAM not to be interrupted in flush of eloquence. When once started went at them hammer and tongs; only a few battered figures recognisable on Front Bench when he had finished.



Citizen Pickersgill.

"Fact is, TOBY," he said, "BRADLAUGH's got his eye on that Bench. Means to sit there some day. Want him to know that even that sanctuary shall not preserve him from my wrath. Just getting my hand in. He'll be sorry he ever ventured to bite his thumb at me." *Business done.*—Education Vote in Committee.

Thursday.—Lord CHUNNEL-TANNEl moves Second Reading of his Bill. A very inoffensive measure, he says; not proposed to sanction creation of Tunnel under the sea. Oh, dear no! Nothing of that kind. All that is wanted is that the Company shall be permitted to keep their machinery oiled, bore for coal, and fill up spare time by fishing for whitebait with line. Could there be any harm in that? CHUNNEL-TANNEl asked, with hand outstretched with deprecating gesture towards Treasury Bench, on which the long length of HICKS BEACH was oiled.

Mr. G. backed up his noble friend; ridiculed idea of danger to England from creation of Tunnel. If anybody had need for apprehension, it was France—a fine, subtly patriotic idea, which did not meet with that measure of applause on Conservative Benches that might have been expected. Fact is, Conservatives don't like this newly established friendliness between Mr. G. and CHUNNEL-TANNEl. Noble Lord not so certain to respond to crack of Ministerial Whip as was his wont before he yielded to the spell. Stout Ministerialists thinking more of CHUNNEL-TANNEl's attitude on Irish Question than

of probability of French invasion by proposed Tunnel; so they lustily cheer HICKS-BEACH when he denounces scheme. Cry, "Oh! oh!" when CHUNNEL-TANNEl makes crafty appeal for support of Irish Members, and go out in body to stop up the Tunnel.

J. S. FORBES watches scene from Strangers' Gallery. Lost in admiration of CHUNNEL-TANNEl's meek mood.

"Why, TOBY," he said, in his perturbation brushing his new curly-brimmed hat the wrong way, "he looks as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. His low voice, his deferential manner, his pained surprise at suggestion of wanting to do anything else but catch those whitebait with a line, take one's breath away. A wonderful man CHUNNEL-TANNEl, but dangerous on this tack. Known him and fought him man and boy for twenty years; fear him most when in melting mood." *Business done.*—Discussing Tithes Bill.



Minister of Education.

Friday.—Met HART DYKE walking about Corridor with contemplative air. Debate on Education Vote going forward in House. "How is it you aren't on Treasury Bench?" I asked.

"Can't stand any more of it, TOBY. My hair positively beginning to frizzle under heat of blushes. Never suspected myself of being such Heavenborn Education Minister. But they all say it—MURDELLA, PLATFAIR, LUBBOCK, and even SAM SMITH. CHANBORNE and TALBOT not quite so sure; but on other side one chorus of approval. Bore it pretty well for hour or so; but at end of that time grows embarrassing. Just came out for little walk; look in again presently."

On Report of Supply, GEORGE CAMPBELL strolled in from the Pacific; proposed to call attention to mission of Sir LINTON SIMMONS to the POPE. No Vote connected therewith happens to be in Estimates; so SPEAKER ruled him out of Order.

"Oh, very well," said GEORGE; "that's out of order is it? Well, let me see, there's Japan;" and he talked for thirty-five minutes about Japan.

Business done.—Education Vote agreed to.

THE SCHOOL BOARD BEFORE THE END OF THE CENTURY.

(A Prophecy of the Near Future.)

THE children had left the school, and the pianos were closed for the night. The Senior Wranglers who had been conducting the lessons were divesting themselves of their academical robes, and preparing to quit the premises to return to their palatial homes, the outcome of a portion of their princely salaries. In couples they disappeared until only one was left—he was older than his colleagues, and consequently slower in his movements. As he was about to summon his carriage a wild-looking individual suddenly appeared before him, and, sinking in a chair, appealed to him with a gesture that, fraught with weakness, was yet defiant.

"What do you want with me, my good man?" asked the Senior Wrangler, who had a kindly nature.

"What have you done with my sons?" gasped the visitor.

"No doubt, if they were intended for crossing-sweepers, we have instructed them in the rudiments of classical dancing, and if you purposed bringing them up as errand-boys, it is highly probable that we have taught them how to play upon the harpsichord."

"That's how it is!" cried the other. "They have been taught how to play on the harpsichord; and as the instrument is obsolete, I ask you, Sir, how are they to get their living?"

"That is no affair of mine, my good fellow," returned the Senior Wrangler, dryly. "It is my duty to teach the child, and not to answer the questions of the parent."

"And the rates are doubled!" cried the Board Scholar's father, wringing his hands in despair, "and I am ruined!" The Senior Wrangler was growing impatient. He had to dine at the Club, and go to the Opera. "Well, what do you want with me?" he asked.

"Employment!" cried the other, in an agony of woe. "Give me employment. I have been ruined by the rates; let the rates support me—give me employment!"

The Senior Wrangler considered for a moment; then he spoke—"Do you think, my friend, that you could look after our highest class?" The man shook his head.

"I am afraid not, Sir. My education was neglected. Beyond reading, writing, and arithmetic, I know next to nothing."

"That will not be an objection," returned the Senior Wrangler, as he put a gardenia in his button-hole. "Our highest class is composed of our oldest pupils, and as they all suffer from over-pressure, your duties will be simply those of an attendant in an asylum for the care of the imbecile!" And the Ruined Ratepayer was entirely satisfied.

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SEVEN YEARS OLD.

This Grand Old Whisky is the product of the most famous Highland distillers.

25s. the Gall.
50s. the Dozen.
Cash only.

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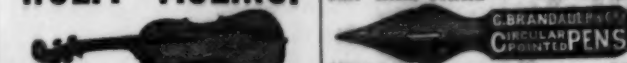
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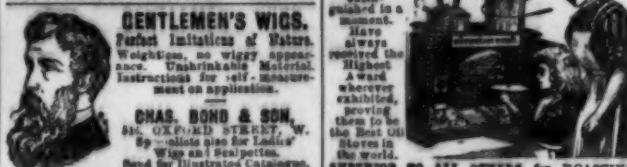
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